



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



280

f. 2272

from I Moore -

to I Dalrymple

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

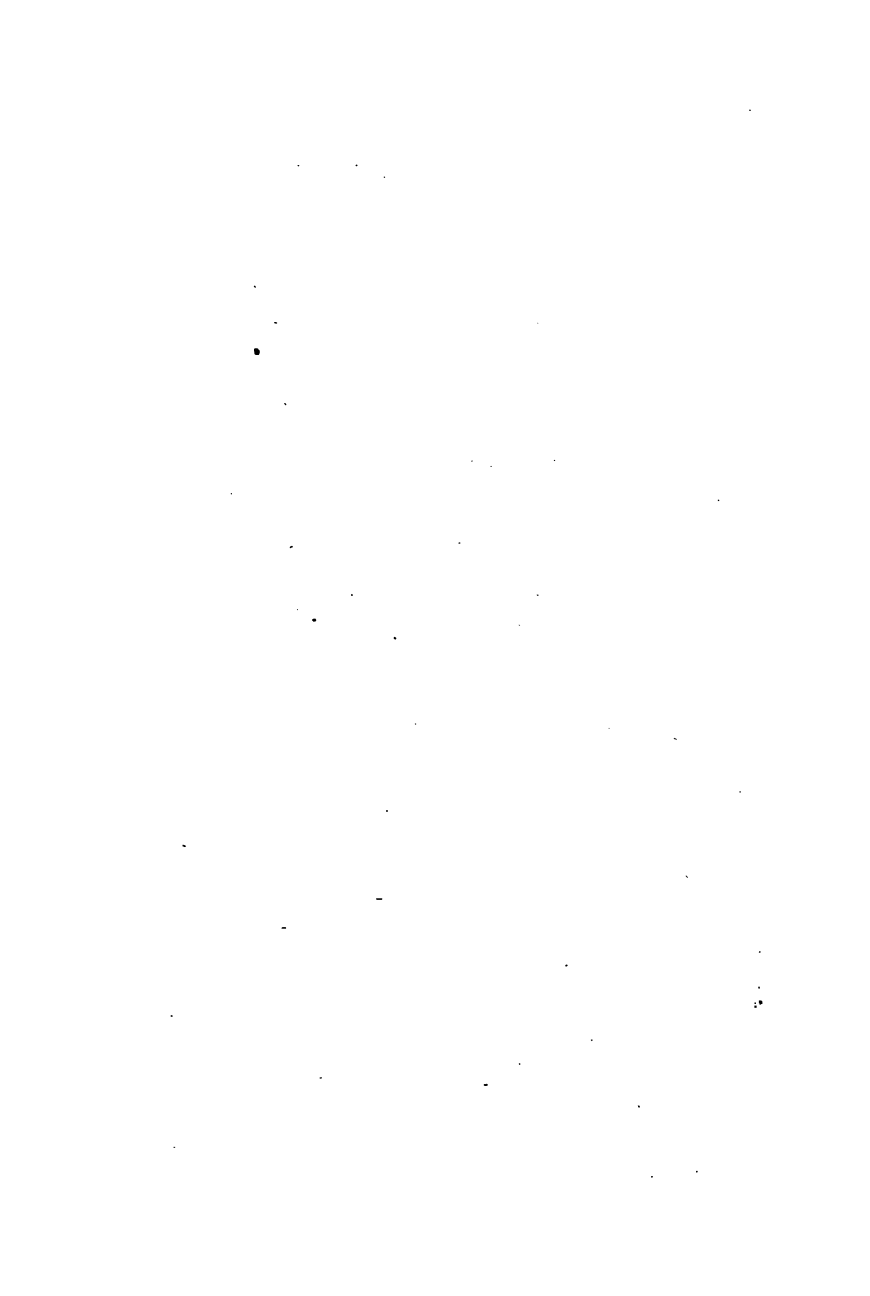
23

24

25

26

27





THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE,

WITH
OTHER POEMS.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The ninth edition.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR MUNDELL & SON;
AND FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, & ORME, AND THOMAS
OSTELL, AVE-MARIA LANE, LONDON.

1806.



TO
ROBERT ANDERSON, M. D.
THE FOLLOWING
POEMS
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
HIS SINCERE FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

Edinburgh, April 13, 1799.

CONTENTS.

| | Page. |
|--|-------|
| <i>Pleasures of Hope, part 1</i> | 3 |
| ———— <i>part 11</i> | 51 |
| <i>Notes to part 1</i> | 85 |
| ———— <i>part 11</i> | 98 |
| <i>Specimens of a new translation of the Medea of Euripides</i> .. | 103 |
| <i>Love and Madness, an elegy</i> | 117 |
| <i>Songs—the Wounded Hussar</i> | 127 |
| — <i>Gilderoy</i> | 131 |
| — <i>the Harper</i> | 135 |



THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.



Analysis of Part 1.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of the objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate . . . the influence of cultivation upon the other passions is next delineated . . . an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind . . . the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress . . . the seaman on his night watch . . . the soldier marching into battle . . . allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

THE inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of man, whether in the department of science, or of taste . . . domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness . . . picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep . . . pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

FROM the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of the world . . . the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations . . . from these views of civilization of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over the desolate and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently victorious in their struggles for independence . . . description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Biala . . . apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement . . . the wrongs of Africa . . . the barbarous policy of the Europeans in India . . . prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their people and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

PLEASE DO NOT WRITE

[illegible]

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's ærial bow
 ans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear 5
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
Is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey,
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way ; 10
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been ;
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye 15
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly pow'r,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span ; 20
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE



Burton del.

James Butler A.R.A. sculp.

Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes' giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

With thee, sweet Hope ! resides the heav'nly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight :
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way, 25
That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.
/ak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
O Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career. 30

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay ;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Not from malignant stars to earth below ;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War 35
Ok'd the red dragons of her iron car ;

When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again ;
All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,
But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare,
From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring !



Burney del.

Hoth sculpt.

When Murder bared her arm, & rampant War
 Held the red dragons of her iron car;
 When peace & mercy banished from the plain,
 Sprung on the vawtyl winds to Heaven again.

That viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away !

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.
O ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields 55
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
How on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world. 60

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;

And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roof,
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore;
 Poor child of danger, nursing of the storm,
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
 His native hills that rise in happier climes,
 The grot that heard his song of other times,
 His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
 His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,

Ash on his thought, he sweeps before the wind,
 reads the love-shore he sigh'd to leave behind; 80
 looks at each step a friend's familiar face,
 and flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
 Tipes from her cheek the capture-speaking tear,
 and clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd, 85
 his faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
 points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
 his wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
 strepid Virtue looks to thee for power; 90
 to thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
 in stormy floods, and carnage cover'd fields,

When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line,
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
 Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
 And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
 The hardy Byron to his native shore—
 In horrid climes, where Chilos's tempests sweep
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
 'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
 Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

I wake each joyless morn, and search again
 The famish'd haunts of solitary men ;
 Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
 Shows not a trace of Nature but the form ;
 Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
 Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
 Perc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
 The moon's pale planet, and the northern star ;
 Thus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
 Dryas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore ;
 Till, led by thee o'er misty a cliff sublime,
 We found a warmer world, a milder clime,
 A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
 Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend.

115

120

Congential Hope! thy passion-kindling power,
 How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!
 On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,
 I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words proclaim)
 'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame! 126
 Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
 Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!
 Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
 And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye? 130
 Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
 The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
 With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
 Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

“ The Swedish sage admires, in yonder how’rs,⁴ 135

is winged insects, and his rosy flow’rs ;

ills from their woodland haunts the savage train

ith sounding horn, and counts them on the plain,

once, at Heav’n’s command, the wand’rers came

Eden’s shade, and heard their various name. 140

“ Far from the world, in yon sequester’d clime,

ow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime ;

lm as the fields of Heav’n, his sapient eyes

le lov’d Athenian lifts to realms on high,

lming Plato, on his spotless page, 145

umps the bright dictates of the Rather sage ;

hall Nature bound to Earth’s diurnal span

ie fire of God, th’ immortal soul of man.”

" Turn, child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye
 To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh :
 Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,
 From streams that wander in eternal light,
 Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
 The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell ;
 Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmurs flow,
 And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

" Belov'd of Heav'n! the smiling Muse shall shed
 Her moonlight halo on thy benighted head;
 Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,
 And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
 I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,
 And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;

inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell, 165
And read the trembling world the tales of hall.

“ When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy; 170
A milder mood the goddess shall recal,
And soft as dew, thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictur'd smiles impart,
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain; 175
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in pain.

“ Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream ;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile ;— 180
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief ?

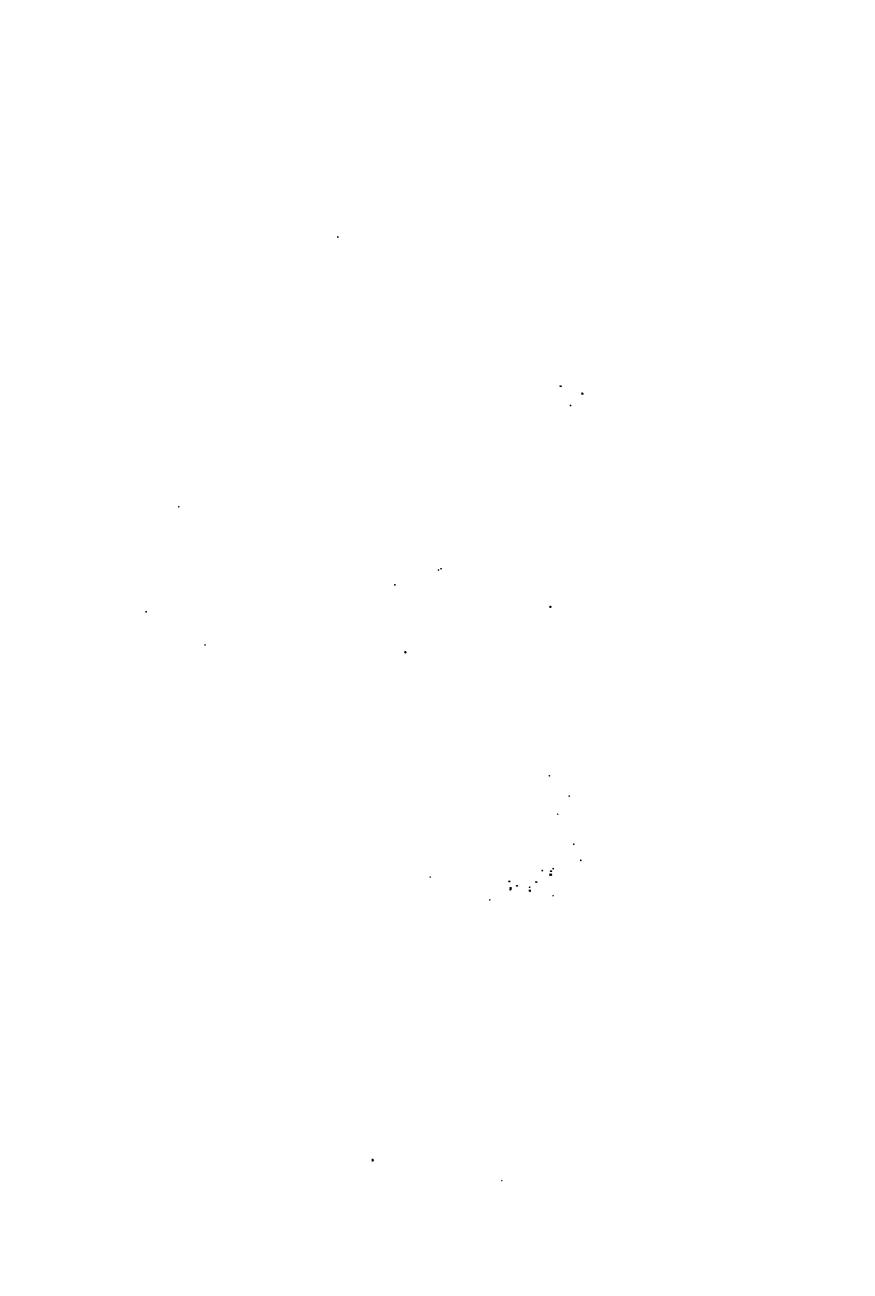
“ Yes ; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv'n,
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of Heav'n ;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone, 185
That never mus'd on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store 'at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth ; 190

thy dread pow'r another heart afford,
 se passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
 as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
 man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command, 195
 a Israel march'd along the desert land,
 l through the night on lonely wilds afar,
 old the path—a never-setting star:
 av'nly Genius, in thy course divine,
 is thy star, her light is ever thine." 200

pitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy
 acred home of Hymenean joy;
 r doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
 vedded pair of love and virtue dwell,

Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame, 20
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
Oh there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—
There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more, 210
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill ;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away, 215
That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath ; 220





Burney del.

Heath

*So, at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps.*

Published on the Author's death by Longman & Co. Agents. 18, 1868

all, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
the days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
health shall prolong to many a festive hour
the social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps, 225
her silent watch the mournful mother keeps ;
he, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
and weaves a song of melancholy joy—
Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy : 230
The ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine ;
The sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine,
as bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
in form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !

Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chace the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summon'd from the world and
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near ?
Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewel I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ?”

peaks affection, ere the infant eye
look regard, or brighten in reply; 250
when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
father's ear by that endearing name;
as the playful innocent can prove
of pity, or a smile of love,
as his murmur'd task beneath her care, 255
as with holy look his ev'ning prayer,
sitting, mutely pensive, sits to hear
sorrowful ballad warbled in his ear;
fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
every artless tear, and every smile! 260
allows the joyous parent to descry
sorrowless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray 265
To count the joys of Fortune's better day !
Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board ; 270
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason ! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour 275
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

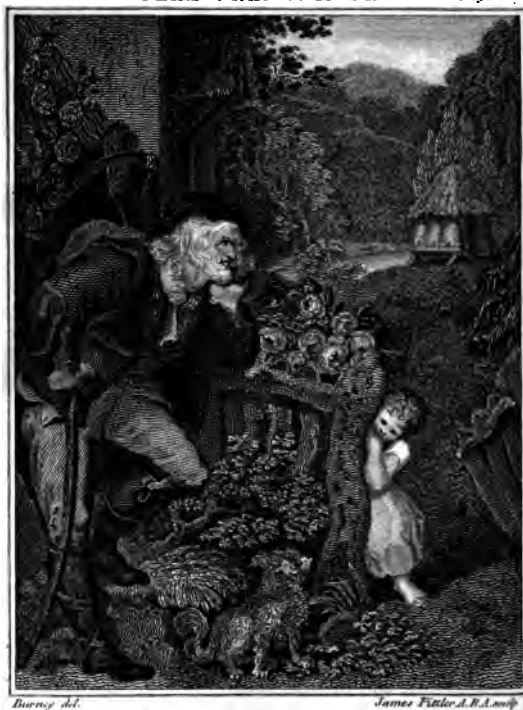
Hark ! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
at wafts so slow her lover's distant sail ;
O, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore
watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
saw the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze, 281
spread her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze :
O widow'd wretch ! 'twas there she wept in vain,
her memory fled her agonizing brain :—
Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe, 285
no peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow ;
no room on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
no aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Aft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
O the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry, 290

Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return ;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never kn
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,
Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by ;
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam—
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,





Burney del.

James Fittler A.R.A. sculp.

Leans o'er its humble gate, & thinks the while—
 Oh! that for me some home like this would smile:
 Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form;
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.

Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen 305

The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,

Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—

Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,

Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm! 310

There should my hand no stinted boon assign

To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine!—

That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,

And Hope half mingles with the poor man's prayer.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind, 315

The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,

Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see

The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;

I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man. 320

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along, 325
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk ;
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day ; 330
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men ;

watch, on woodland heights around,
curfew as it tolls profound.

in groves where damned rites are done, 335
the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
lies^s—the veil is rent in twain.

barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
rcy, Freedom, yet shall find a home ; 340
degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
sea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,^a
pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
the dreadful features of despair.—
stern captive spurns his heavy load, 345
ne image back that heaven bestow'd!

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns !

Oh ! sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile, 356
When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van, 358
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh ! Heav'n ! he cried, my bleeding country save !—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ? 360

Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise fellow men ! our country yet remains !
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !
And swear for her to live !—with her to die !

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd . . . 365
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm ;
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply ; 370
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain, alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew :—

Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime ;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spe
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell !

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage the
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below ;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !

Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call! 390
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod, 395
That smote the foes of Zion and of God,
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast; 400
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man, 405
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh' once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN! 410

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n, 415
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!

Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,—
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark ; 420
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue ;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of man ;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine, 425
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine :—
“ Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants ! in vain ye trace the wizard ring ;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring : 430

What ! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep ?
No :—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command

Man ! can thy doom no brighter soul allow ?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow ?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd ?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the w
What ! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died ?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !

Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore 445
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms! 450
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die, 455
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm? 460

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may t
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,

When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame, 475
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil, 480
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed, 485
And holy men give scripture for the deed;
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

‘Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heav’d the floods, and fix’d the trembling land,
When life sprung startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all !
Say, was that lordly form inspir’d by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain’d the slave of man to toil,
Yok’d with the brutes, and fetter’d to the soil ;
Weigh’d in a tyrant’s balance with his gold ?
No!—Nature stamp’d us in a heav’nly mould !
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge !
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country’s name, and weep!—

Lo ! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign ;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky, 503
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye ;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own ;
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man ! 510


The plunderer came !—alas ! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles ;
For ever fallen ! no son of Nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow !
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away, 515
And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,

Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore !

The shrill horn blew ;^k at that alarm knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell !
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind !—
Poor fetter'd man ! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe !
Friendless thy heart ; and canst thou harbour there
A wish but death—a passion but despair ?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires !
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh !
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty !

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run! 535
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd!
How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd!
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main, 540
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare,
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—
Stun'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame, 545
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;



The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,
And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gair
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape; "m
Children of Brama ! then was mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van !

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store, 565
While famish'd nations died along the shore ;
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame ! 570

But hark! as bow'd to earth the bramin kneels,
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,

And solemn sounds that awe the list'ning mind, 5
Roll on the azure paths of ev'ry wind.

“ Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say),
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ; 5
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain—° 6
But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high !

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm ! 590
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms glow
Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

To pour redress on India's injur'd realm 595
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heav'n's command
Shall Seriswattee^p wave her hallowed wand ! 600
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—

Come, Heav'nly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for ever more !



END OF PART FIRST.

THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.



Analysis of Part II.

ASTROPHES to the power of Love....its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility....allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love superadded to its other blessings....the dreams of future life which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment....this disposition to combine, the imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our state of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find....a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to exist in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the pleasures of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents....even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with the expression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now

The last and most sublime influence of Hope, is the conquering topic of the Poem....the predominance of a belief in our state over the terrors attendant on dissolution....the influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from comforts....allusion to the fate of a suicide....episode of Paul and Ellenore....conclusion.



PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paus'd while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame, 5
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow ;

There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd :—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between ;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun !

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour, 25
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r !
In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ; 30
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd ;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee ;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day, 35
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—

The world was sad !—the garden was a wild !
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman spail'd

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bri
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing !
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command ;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn ;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning dew ;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path—a wildness, and a dream !

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,

On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day ?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !—
If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise 55
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine !
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness, 60
Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage ;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss 65
The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,

(For love pursues an ever devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace) ;
Yet still may Hope her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart !

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece ;
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their smiles :

Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combin'd !
Love on the picture smil'd ! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd !

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy ! gleans 85
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes ;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where Love and Lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs ! 90
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore !

There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods, and waves, and murmur'ing winds asleep
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around !

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns ; 110
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away ;
And oft he lingers from his home a while
To watch the dying notes !—and start, and smile !

Let Winter come ! let polar spirits sweep 115
The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep !
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm ;
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day ! 120
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall !

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by Nature mark'd his own ;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began !
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man !

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home ;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale !
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,

While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour— 140
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion ! and thy simple tale,^b
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail !
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true, 145
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave !

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep ; 150

There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father blest his darling child !
Oh ! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died !

Or will they learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes !
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand blood-stain'd, but ever ever dear !
Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,
And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword !
Nor sought in vain ! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of nature crack'd with agony !
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,
And burst the ties that bound him to the world !

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel 165
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel—
Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute ;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend from age to age ! 170

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood ;
There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great !^d
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, ° 175
March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore ;
Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last !

File after file, the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum !
Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang ?
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and clos'd it with a sigh !
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight !

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day !

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell, 195
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,^f
Thron'd on her tow'rs, conversing with the storm, 200
(When o'er each runic altar, weed-entwin'd,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind 205
This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;

Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran ;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world !

Oh ! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue !
True ; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return !^s

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuag
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day ;

Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill, 225
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still !

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child !
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smil'd on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy ! 230
My Absalom ! the voice of Nature cried !
Oh ! that for thee thy father could have died !
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom !—my son !—my son !

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn, 235
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !

Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchanted prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where Time's far wand'ring tide has never run,

From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust, 255
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss ! 260

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !

Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day !
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzl'd by the blaze,
On heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill !

Soul of the just ! companion of the dead !
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled ?

Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose ; 280
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark ! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far, 285
On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car ;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun ! 290
So bath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh ! lives there, Heav'n ! beneath thy dread exp
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind ;
Who, mould'ring earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss ?—
There live, alas ! of heav'n-directed mien,
Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, man ! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay !

as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
endless slave, a child without a sire,
se mortal life, and momentary fire, 310
s to the grave his chance-created form,
ean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
ight and silence sink for ever more!—

e these the pompous tidings ye proclaim, 315
s of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
s your triumph—this your proud applause,
ren of Truth, and champions of her cause?
his hath Science search'd, on weary wing,
ore and sea—each mute and living thing? 320

Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'
Oh ! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair ?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit !
Ah me ! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain ?
I smile on death, if heav'n-ward Hope remain !
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,

If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r,
This frail and fev'rish being of an hour ;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep, 340
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while ;
Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain !
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom, 345
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb !
Truth, ever lovely—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start,
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart ! 350
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,

Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field ;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd !
Oh ! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate ;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in !

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale !
There, as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan !
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the clow

Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild !
For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last. 370
Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind, 375
But leave—oh ! leave, the light of Hope behind !
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between !
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please ! 380

Yes ! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee ;
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, music, friendship, Love's propitious smile
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmoniz'd to joy !—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r ?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impasion'd spirits feel ?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate ?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,

Have pow'r to soothe, unaided and alone, 395
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years ; 400
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No ! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you !
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain, 405
Congenial spirits part to meet again !

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu !

Daughter of Conrad ! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell !
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee ?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part ;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe ;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time !

“ And weep not thus,” he cried, “ young Ellenor !
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more !

shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
soon these limbs to kindred dust return !
Not, my child, with life's precarious fire, 425
Immortal ties of nature shall expire ;
I shall resist the triumph of decay,
A time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away !
In the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
That which warm'd it once shall never die ! 430
Spark unburied in its mortal frame,
Living light, eternal, and the same,
Beam on Joy's interminable years,
Ill'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears !

Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep, 435
Edious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep ;

But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part !
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony !

“ Farewell ! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear ;
When each returning pledge hath told my child :
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd ;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze ;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore ?

all secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
orn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied ?
O ! no ; methinks the generous and the good
will woo thee from the shades of solitude !
Or friendless grief compassion shall awake, 453
and smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake !"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
O tears of love were hopeless, but for thee !
In that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
That faint murmur be the last farewell ! 460
Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart ?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Stor'd a while in every pleasing dream ?

Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was ne

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublim
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd ;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile !

NOTES.

ON PART I.

NOTE a.

*And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

THE following picture of his own distress, given by BYRON in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 10.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus.—“ A day or two after we put to
“ sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had
“ been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the

“ westward. The land here was very low and had
“ something like the mouth of a river which discha
“ self into the sea, and which had been taken no
“ by us before, as it was so shallow that the India
“ obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, a
“ it over land. We towed up the river four or five
“ and then took into a branch of it that ran fir
“ eastward, and then to the northward: here it
“ much narrower, and the stream excessively ra
“ that we gained but little way, though we wroug
“ hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and
“ most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect
“ and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained
“ sively. The Indians were little better off than
“ there was no wood here to make their wigwams;
“ all they could do was to prop up the bark, whi
“ carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelte
“ selves as well as they could to the leeward of it.
“ ing the difficulties they had to encounter here, th

"provided themselves with some seals but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

NOTE b.

— *a Briton and a friend* —
 Don, Patrick Guld, a Scotch physician, in some Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron's wretched associates, of which the commodore, in the warmest terms of gratitude.

NOTE c.

Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string.

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the representation of the seven planets. Herschell, covering an eight, might be said to add another the instrument.

NOTE d.

The Swedish sage.

NOTE e.

Deep from his vaults, the Lesbian murmurs flow.

Lesbian is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Chæphora of Æschylus.

NOTE f.

Unlocks a generous store at thy command,

Like Herse's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

See Exodus, chap. xvii, 3, 5, 6.

NOTE g.

Wild Obi flies.

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities.

Such a belief found undoubtedly have been derived from a
superstitious mythology of their kindred (as the case of
Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the Evil Spirit
of the Africans, although the history of the Aborigines
mentions the evil spirits of their religions creed by quite
different appellation.

NOTE h.

Siber's dreary mines.

Mr. Bell of Antermomy, in his Travels through Siberia
informs us that the name of the country is universally pro-
nounced Sibir by the Russians.

NOTE f.

Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre
in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Praga

this triumphant entry of Sitwarrow into the Polish capital, and thus is attributed to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

NOTE k.

The shrill horn blew.

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

NOTE l.

How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd?

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“ The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the
“ principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it,
“ either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the
“ earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by
“ his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is
“ well known to all who are in the least conversant in his-
“ tory.

“ The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated
“ the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very
“ heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia
“ with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to
“ the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these
“ fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement
“ had been in the science of destruction, who added the
“ fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great
“ end of their conquests opposed, by objects which neither
“ the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage bar-
“ barity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by
“ the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole coun-

"aries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by
 "the destruction of a part, the remainder might be per-
 "suaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism;
 "but all these sanguinary effects were ineffectual; and at
 "length, being fully convinced, that though they might
 "extirpate, they could never hope to convert, any number
 "of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea,
 "with which they had entered upon their career of con-
 "quest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of
 "the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hin-
 "dostan,"———*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by ELIZA*
HAMILTON.

NOTE m.

And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape.

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, trans-
lated from CAMOENS, by MICKLE.

NOTE n.

While famish'd nations died along the shore.

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus.—“ Money in this current came, but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedition, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoo would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others,

"planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly
 "was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts
 "the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead
 "unburied."—*Short History of the English Transactions
 in the East Indies, page 145.*

NOTE o.

Nine times hath Brama's wheels of lightning hurled

His awful presence o'er the prostrate world.

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it
 is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descend-
 ed nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he
 is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior
 upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders.
 Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

NOTE p.

Shall Seriswattes wave her hallowed wand!

And Camdeo bright and Ganesa sublime—

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the deities Janus and Minerva.

NOTES

OF PART II.

NOTE a, p. 55.

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade !

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—PRYDEN.

NOTE b, p. 61.

Thy woes, Arion !

Falconer in his poem *the Shipwreck* speaks of himself by the name of *Arion*.

See FALCONER'S *Shipwreck*, canto III.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION
FROM MEDEA.

1

2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
840
841
842
843
844
845
846
847
848
849
850
851
852
853
854
855
856
857
858
859
860
861
862
863
864
865
866
867
868
869
870
871
872
873
874
875
876
877
878
879
880
881
882
883
884
885
886
887
888
889
890
891
892
893
894
895
896
897
898
899
900
901
902
903
904
905
906
907
908
909
910
911
912
913
914
915
916
917
918
919
920
921
922
923
924
925
926
927
928
929
930
931
932
933
934
935
936
937
938
939
940
941
942
943
944
945
946
947
948
949
950
951
952
953
954
955
956
957
958
959
960
961
962
963
964
965
966
967
968
969
970
971
972
973
974
975
976
977
978
979
980
981
982
983
984
985
986
987
988
989
990
991
992
993
994
995
996
997
998
999
1000

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.

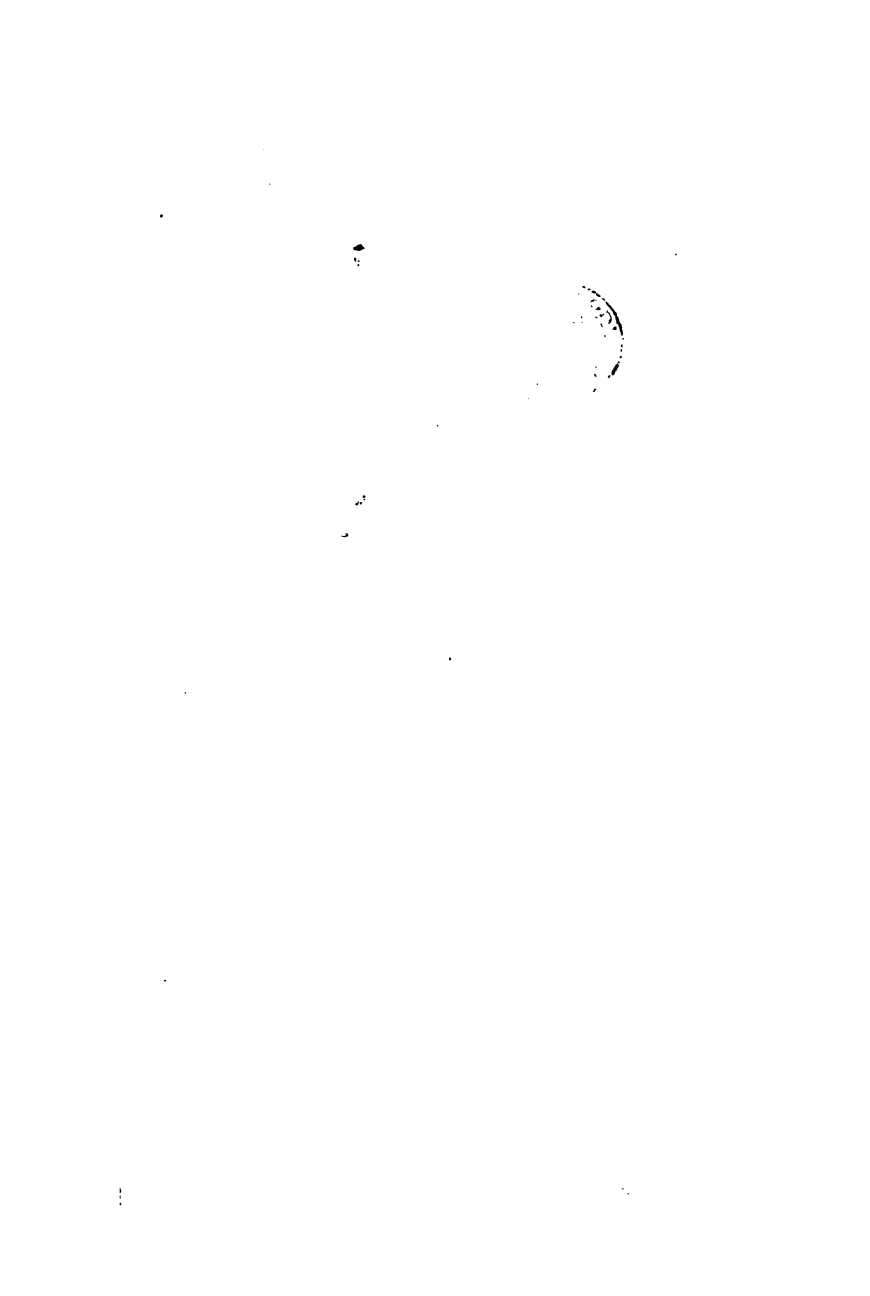
Σκαίως δὲ λιλύοντι, καὶ τί σοφῶς
Τῆς προῦθι βροτῶς ἢν αἰνῶμαζοντες.

Medea, v. 194. P. 33, Giese's edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
It charmed the ear of youthful Time,
Th' numbers wrapt in heav'nly fire ;
No bade delighted Echo swell.

The trembling transports of the lyre 5
The murmur of the shell—
Why to the burst of Joy alone
Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?
Why can no bard, with magic strain,
In slumbers steep the heart of pain? 10
While varied tones obey your sweep,
The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,
Bends not despairing Grief to hear
Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?
Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind 15
The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
And lull the wrath, at whose command
Murder bares her gory hand?
When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng
Weave the light dance, ye swell the song! 20

cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm
the breast with other raptures warm!
cease! till your hand with magic strain
slumbers steep the heart of pain!



**SPEECH OF THE CHORUS IN THE SAME
TRAGEDY,**

**TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER
CHILDREN TO DEATH, AND FLYING FOR
PROTECTION TO ATHENS.**

**O HAGGARD queen ! to Athens dost thou guide
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore ;
seek to hide thy damned parricide
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for ever more ?**

**the land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime, 5
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers,
and warriors, matchless since the first of Time,
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers !**

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair, 10
While Spring eternal, on the lillied plain,
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (no sacred legends tell)
First wak'd their heavenly lyre these scenes among;
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell; 15
Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

But these the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Wav'd in bright anburn o'er her polish'd brow! 20

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,

The morn'ning wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,

There, as the Muse hath sung, at noon of day,

The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;

And blest the stream, and breath'd across the land, 25

The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;

And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,

Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

"And go," (she cries) "in yonder valleys rove,

With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine; 30

Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,

Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender bloom!

“ Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft controul,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind !
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul, 35
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind.”

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters ply,
Where Friendship binds the generous and the good,
Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
Unholy woman ! with thy hands embrued 40

In thine own children's gore ? Oh ! ere they bleed,
Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal !
Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—
The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall !

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall sting,

When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear ; 46

Where shalt thou sink, when ling'ring echoes ring

The screams of horror in thy tortur'd ear ?

No ! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—

In dust we kneel—by sacred heaven implore— 50

O ! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,

Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barb'rous soul assume,

Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan ?

Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom ? 55

Or hands to finish what thy wrath began ?

When o'er each babe yote look a last adieu,
And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee weep!

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,—
Aye! thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-achèd tear
Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in ev'ry tender string,—
Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—
Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling
The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye!

CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation

Mark, oh, mark the murd'rous deed! 70

Radiant eye of wide creation,

Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter

Perpetrate the dire design,

And consign to kindred slaughter, 75

Children of thy golden line!

Shall the hand, with murder gory,

Cause immortal blood to flow!

Sun of Heav'n!—array'd in glory!

Rise,—forbid,—avert the blow! 80

In the vales of placid gladness
Let no rueful maniac range;
Chase afar the fiend of Madness,
Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast, thou, with kind protection, 85
Rear'd thy smiling race in vain;
Fost'ring Nature's fond affection,
Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,
Brav'd the tempest loud and strong, 90
Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,

Hymenean joys to prove ?

Spare, O sanguinary stranger,

95

Pledges of thy sacred love !

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,

Watch thee o'er the barb'rous deed ?

Shalt thou cleanse, with expiation,

Monstrous, murd'rous, parricide ?

100

1

2

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY.

Written in 1795.



HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower*
The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour !
Rous'd from drear visions of distemper'd sleep,
Poor B——k wakes—in solitude to weep !

“ Cease, Mem'ry, cease (the friendless mourner cry'd)
To probe the bosom too severely tried ! 6
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day :

* Warwick castle.

When youthful Hope, the music of the mind,
Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind!

“ Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling fram
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name?
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
Pale as in that sad hour, when doom'd to feel,
Deep in thy perjur'd heart the bloody steel!

“ Demons of Vengeance! ye at whose command
I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice controul,
Or Horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began !

as ; let the clay-cold breast, that never knew
nder pang to generous Nature true,
tingling pity with the gall of scorn, 25
nn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

nd ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness warms,
apture's homage to your conscious charms !
ted idols of a gaudy train !
your blunter feelings guess the pain, 30
the fond faithful heart, inspir'd to prove
ship refin'd, the calm delight of love,
ll its tender strings with anguish torn,
eeds at perjur'd Pride's inhuman scorn !

y, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the deed, 35
Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover ! bleed ?

Long had I watch'd thy dark forboding brow,
What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow !
Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,
Still thy cold look was scornful and estrang'd, 40
Till from thy pity, love, and shelter, thrown,
I wander'd, hopeless, friendless, and alone !

“ Oh ! righteous Heav'n ! 'twas then my tortur'd soul
First gave to wrath unlimited controul !
Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye ! 45
The murmur'd plaint ! the deep heart-heaving sigh !
Long slumb'ring Vengeance wakes to better deeds ;
He shrieks, he falls, the perjur'd lover bleeds !
Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more ! 50

'Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns;
Nature relents, but, ah! too late returns!
Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?
Shivering and faint, I drop the guilty steel!
Laid on my heart the hand of terror lies, 55
And shades of horror close my languid eyes!—

Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest grain!
Would B———k's soul so true to wrath remain?
Friend long true, a once fond lover fell!—
Where Love was foster'd, could not Pity dwell? 60

Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows,
Watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
O sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Betokens my fate, and summons me to come!

Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

“ Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !”

SONGS.



THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:
her, she cried, hast thou wander'd, my lover;
re dost thou welter, and bleed on the shore?

oice did I hear? 'twas my Henry that sigh'd! 5
ournful she hastened, nor wander'd she far,
leeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
e light of the moon, her poor wounded Hussar!

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar; 10
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!
Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hussar? 16

Thou shalt live, she replied, Heav'n's mercy relieving
Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to mourn!
Ah, no! the last pang in my bosom is heaving!
No light of the morn shall to Henry return! 20

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true !

Ye babes of my love that await me afar !—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded Hussar !

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

SECTION 3. The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six Years; and each Senator shall have the Qualifications requisite for Senators of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

SECTION 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding the Elections of Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law alter or add to the Rules and Regulations.

SECTION 5. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall be held on the first Monday in December, unless they shall by Law appoint a different Day.

SECTION 6. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a Compensation for their Services, to be ascertained in each Case by the Majority of the whole Congress.

SECTION 7. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes on Imports, Exports, and on all other Subjects, except Duties on Imports and Exports, to regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, to borrow Money on the Credit of the United States, and to fix the Standard of Weights and Measures.

SECTION 8. The Congress shall have Power to make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and all other Powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States.

GILDEROY.



THE last, the fatal hour is come,

That bears my love from me :

I hear the dead note of the drum,

I mark the gallows tree !

The bell has toll'd ; it shakes my heart ;

5

The trumpet speaks thy name ;

And must my Gilderoy depart

To bear a death of shame ?

No bosom trembles for thy doom ;

No mourner wipes a tear ;

The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,

The sledge is all thy bier !

Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then .

So soon, so sad, to part,

When first in Roslin's lovely glen

You triumph'd o'er my heart ?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,

Your hunter garb was trim ;

And graceful was the ribbon green,

That bound your manly limb !

O ! little thought I to deplore
These limbs in fetters bound ;
To hear, upon thy scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

O cruel, cruel, that combin'd 25
The guiltless to pursue ;
O Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !

Long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn, 30
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?

Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,

And hate thine orphan boy ;

Alas ! his infant beauty wears

3

The form of Gilderoy !

Then will I seek the dreary mound

That wraps thy mouldering clay ;

And weep and linger on the ground,

And sigh my heart away.

THE HARPER.

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
O blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
O harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went, was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forc'd from my Sheelah to part, 5
She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart)
I'll remember your Sheelah when far far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly lov'd me, although I was poor; 10
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
And always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey, 15
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refus'd my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray. 20

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE END.

BOOKS

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY

undell, Doig, & Stevenson, Edinburgh,

AND

man, Hurst, Ross, & Orme; & T. Orrell, London.

I.

**THE WORKS of the BRITISH POETS, with Pre-
s Biographical and Critical, by Robert Anderson,
D. 13 vols. royal 8vo.—Price 9l. 15s. sewed.**

From what we have already said on the subject of this Work
neral character may easily be inferred. It appears to us an
l and comprehensive collection of English poetry, and the
r has uniformly evinced diligence and judgment in collecting
rranging his materials."—*Monthly Review*, Sept. 1798.

The Biographical and Critical Prefaces, as they are an origi-
work, require a more distinct and particular examination. To
recution of this plan, Dr. Anderson seems to have brought
rs well adapted to its completion. He appears to possess an
ate acquaintance with our poetry. His criticisms evince a
capable of estimating the genuine beauties of the Muse, and
ur willing to give praise in return for the pleasure he has re-
l.

We consider the present work as a valuable acquisition to
sh literature. As a collection of British Poetry and Biogra-
it confers honour upon the Editor for genius, taste, and in-
tition, tending to promote and perpetuate the most imperish-
monument of Britain's glory."—*British Critic*, Feb. 1796.

To edit a complete collection of the Poets of Great Britain,
n important and useful undertaking; and it is from com-
g the early writers that the present collection derives its
and distinguished value. The admirers of English literature
ghly indebted to the publishers and the editor of these vo-
l."—*Critical Review*, Jan. 1799.

The LIFE of SAM. JOHNSON, L.L.D. with Critical Observations on his Works, by Robert Anderson, M. D. one volume 8vo.—Price 6s. boards.

"These facts and particulars are well selected and arranged, connected, also, and illustrated by reflections flowing from a fine and a pen which are congenial with those of the hero of the narrative. He has admirably emblazoned Johnson's excellencies, without concealing his defects: And we may venture to say, that the work, which we have examined with much pleasure, is written with strength, elegance, good taste, and sound judgment."—*Monthly Review*, May 1796.

"The narrative part is well digested and neatly written, and may be pronounced a very fair and accurate memoir. It perhaps contains a more complete chronological enumeration of the Doctor's writings than is to be met with elsewhere. To the narrative Dr. Anderson has added a general critique on the character of the man and the merit of the author; and this part of the work has sufficient originality to claim the attention of the Public. We think ourselves justified in adding, as further commendation of the present publication, that Dr. Anderson appreciates the subject of this memoir with great impartiality; and that his style possesses a degree of accuracy, closeness, and strength, not unworthy the Johnsonian school."—*Analytical Review for January 1796*.

"Dr. Anderson, in elegance of language, and acuteness of critical and philosophical judgment, has perhaps surpassed his predecessors; his narrative is clear and regular, his style manly, and his decisions usually judicious: It abounds with proofs of accurate perception, and just discrimination.

"Dr. Anderson concludes the Life of Johnson with characters of him taken from other authors, but none of them in accuracy and merit surpassing his own."—*British Critic*, January 6, 1796.

The LIFE of TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M.D. with Critical Observations on his Works, by Robert Anderson, M.D. The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, one vol. 8vo. Price 7s. boards.

"This is a very just and accurate account of one who, as an author, has supplied the public with a fund of amusement, and who, as a man, was entitled to the respect of the world at large for many estimable qualities. It is drawn up with attention, and

with impartiality, and does justice to the memory of Dr. without suppressing the foibles attached to his character. *Magazine*, April 1804.

4.

TICAL TRANSLATIONS, containing Homer's Iliad, Pope's Homer's Odyssey, West's Dryden's Virgil, Dryden's Juvenal, Dryden's Pitt's Virgil's Æneid, Rowe's Lucan, Cooke's Fawkes's Theocritus, Anacreon, Sappho, Moschus, and Musæus, Fawkes's Apollonius, Creech's Lucretius, and Grainger's Tibul- vols. royal 8vo.—Price 1l. 10s. sewed.

ring the present Collection to the Public, the Proprietors perform an acceptable service to the Friends of Literature, the English Reader who desires to be acquainted with the Greek and Roman Poets, its utility is obvious; gentlemen whose pursuits are not altogether of a literary and who may therefore not have sufficient leisure to per- authors in the language in which they wrote, the present on, it is hoped, will be found an useful auxiliary; while to lar, it is presumed, it will be no less pleasing to meet such plage of his old friends, dressed in the attire of the British

lan of the publication is to embrace much within small li- at a reasonable price, without however being inattentive ice in the execution. How far the proprietors have suc- the one, the public will judge; and for the other, they doubt they will obtain full credit when they state, that is of the same authors, as originally published, when pa- not half its present price, sold for nearly three times the the present publication.

5.

TURES of POETRY, Historical, Biographi- d Critical, by Alexander Thomson, Esq. Author ist, and the Paradise of Taste, small 8vo.— ;s. boards.

Thomson acquired considerable fame by the publication 'Paradise of Taste, which forms the introduction to a pos- of considerable extent, intending chiefly to comprehend

"a view of the progress of polite literature, from the earliest period to the present time;" and of which this work forms about one fourth part. The ingenious author, from this specimen, appears to possess resources adequate to the extent and importance of his subject."—*Monthly Mirror for August 1799*.

"To accomplish with success a design such as that which Mr. Thomson has conceived, not only considerable poetic talents are requisite, but a fund of classical learning, nice taste, and a discriminating judgment. We think that, with some limitations, Mr. Thomson has manifested valid claims to these qualities; and that, on the whole, this portion of his work is executed with a degree of ability which entitles it to public patronage."—*Monthly Review, October 1800*.

6.

POEMS, by Anne Bannerman, small 8vo.—Price 5s. boards.

"We are always pleased when we have an opportunity of placing before our readers specimens of poetical performances of merit. The present publication will be found entitled to the highest commendation, for vigour, elegance, and harmony."—*British Critic, August 1800*.

"When the ear of a Reviewer is palled, and his attention is nearly exhausted, by listening to the monotonies of mediocrity which sound from modern lyres, it is a rich reward for his labour, it is a cordial for his wearied spirits, to hear the breathings of ardent Genius, and to hail the approaches of the real muse. Such recompence have we experienced from the energetic numbers of Miss Bannerman, and such relief has been imparted by the soothing influence of her charmed song.

"Miss Bannerman delights to soar in the loftiest regions of imagination, and gaze with undaunted ken upon "prostrate world" below; nor does she fail in her airy flight to strike the chords of true poetry, with the melting pathos of Collins, and the romantic ardour of Gray."—*New London Review, May 1800*.

7.

ODE to Dr. THOMAS PERCY, Lord Bishop of Dromore, occasioned by reading the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, imperial 4to.—Price 7s. 6d. boards.

"We are unwilling to dismiss this article with an enumeration of petty faults, and thus to leave on our readers a more unfavour-

on of the performance than we wish to convey. We view the testimony which we have already borne to its merits. The mind of the author seems to be imbued with elegant sensibility, and those pictorial conceptions, so propitious to poetry: and if his genius should not enrunk with original and inventive bards, he may take station among those, whose taste and feeling guide study and imitation of the best models which have preceded by their predecessors."—*Imperial Review*, March

8.

ES, SOCIAL and DOMESTIC, by George Hammond, A.M. small 8vo.—Price 7s. boards.

A highly accomplished and respectable author has with great title titled his publication *Verfes*: but these verses are of a higher lineage than many poems of far prouder name: they are highly finished miniature representations of domestic life at various seasons, and deserve to be placed as cabinet pictures in every family apartment.

We could delight in selecting much from this estimable assemblage of Poetic Graces, did our space allow us the gratification; but we must restrict ourselves to the scanty limits of a sonnet-extract, many more extended attractions. Yet we ought not to omit to report, without expressing our cordial conviction of the truth of sentiment, or elegance of expression, should allure us to peruse these polished strains with the attention which such reader must be highly profited, as well as pleased by."—*Monthly Mirror* for June 1802.

These verses display in general a mind of elegant turn, long conversant with the association of poetical images, and sufficiently exact in the construction of harmonious measure. There are few of them which we might not produce as specimens, without any injury to the Author."—*British Critic* for August 1802.

9.

POETICAL WORKS of Hector Macniel, Esq. smallcap 8vo, *second edition*. Price 12s. boards.

In these volumes we find several songs in the Scottish manner, which are in general written with great taste, and delicacy. In these compositions Mr. Macniel excels his predecessors, the Ayrshire ploughman excepted, with

whom, nevertheless, he may stand a comparison. In his Epistle to C. L. and in several other poems, our author shews a very happy vein of humour, more correct, and scarcely less poignant than that of Burns. In his *Links o' Forth* and his *Scottish Muse*, he challenges a still more direct comparison with that powerful genius. The quotations we have given, and several of Mr. Macnial's other Poems, particularly his *Ode to Grandeur*, and his verses on the death of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, shew considerable strength and elevation of fancy. But tenderness, delicacy, and sensibility, are the most striking characteristics of his muse. He is everywhere true to nature and passion, and touches with a skilful hand the finest chords of the heart. As a moral writer he is without a stain,—uniformly faithful to the cause of innocence and the interests of virtue.—We should be happy if we could anticipate the vein of posterity, and breathe into the ear of the living poet those grateful accents with which future generations will hallow his dust."—*Critical Review*, March 1802.

"It is with the greatest pleasure, that we have seen in two octavo volumes, a collection of 'the Poetical Works of Hector Macnial, Esq.' " With several of these Poems the public is intimately acquainted: Who has not melted at the pathetic 'History of Will and Jean,' and the 'Waes o' War?' " The greater number of these elegant effusions are in the Scottish dialogue; they are more classical and correct than those of Burns, and rival the productions of that wonderful genius, in richness of fancy, simplicity, and pathos."—*Supplement Monthly Magazine*, July 1802.

10.

POEMS chiefly in the Scottish Dialect, by the Rev. James Nicol, 2 vols. foolscap 8vo.—Price 1 os. boards.

"These Verses are in general smooth and correct; and in some of the Poems the manners of the Scottish peasantry are justly enough described. In the Address to Poverty, the following stanzas are certainly highly descriptive. The Poem called the 'Dart Days,' and that in which the Author applies for an augmentation of stipend, also contain several passages of considerable merit."—*Literary Journal*, March 1806.

11.

THE PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT, an Allegorical Poem; with other Poems. By the Rev. William Gillespie. One vol. foolscap 8vo.—Price 6s. boards.

[S, in two vols. foolscap 8vo.—Price 12s.

of these volumes will soon perceive that Dr. Brown placed in the class of ordinary versifiers. A boldness of conception, a wild luxuriance of imagination, and ideas of pathos, characterise his muse. In him we disjutable wish to be indeed a poet; to be *creative*; to the stores of his own mind, to despise the tameness of and to revolt at the idea of being tracked in the snow cessors. We observe him to delight more in the awful, and the terrific, than in the mild and the tranquil. His poetical delineations resemble the pictures of Salvator than those of Claude Lorraine. When he underathetic, he touches our hearts and “ harrows up our *tribly Review for February 1805.*

ates for poetic fame begin, in general, with small efet, or tale, or a short poem; but this author, of whose ave not heard before, comes upon us at once with two id comes with strong claims to our approbation.

agination of Dr. Brown is strong, his feeling lively, and rant. Sometimes, but not very frequently, his judgced to employ the unauthorized compounds of modern but in general his style is pure; strong through energy not stiffened by the buckram of art. His volumes have introduction, preface, or advertisement, and very few dedication is in verse, addressed to the author's moves no mean specimen of his powers.

poem in stanzas, intituled the WAR-FIEND, exhibits ility of thought and expression. The sonnets on Negro force and beauty, and many others which we could *British Critic, August 1805.*

[S and PLAYS, by William Richardson, ofessor of Humanity in the University of Two vols. foolscap 8vo.—Price 10s. 6d.

FISH DESCRIPTIVE POEMS, with some ns of Scottish Literary Antiquities.

This Volume contains,

- I. **THE CLYDE**, a Poem, in two Parts, by John Willon, late Master of the Grammar School at Greenock; with the Life of the Author, and Notes and Illustrations by the Editor.
- II. **ALBANIA**, a Poem, addressed to the Genius of Scotland, "by a Scots Clergyman; with Preliminary Remarks and additional Notes by the Editor.
- III. **THE DAY ESTIVAL**, a Poem, by Alexander Hunter; with Preliminary Observations and Notes by the Editor, consisting of Extracts from Bishop Carlwell's *Foirm na Nurrnuidbeadh*, or *Form of Prayer*, 1567, in Gaelic and English, chiefly concerning the Ancient Bards and Poetry of the Scottish Highlanders.
- IV. **POEMS**, by William Fowler; with Preliminary Observations by the Editor, small 8vo. Price 7s. boards.

14.

EPISTLE from LADY GRANGE to EDWARD D——, Esq. written during her confinement in the Island of St. Kilda, 4to.—Price 2s. sewed.

"After dinner to-day we talked of the extraordinary fact of Lady Grange's being sent to St. Kilda, and confined there, without any means of relief.

"The true story of this lady is as frightfully romantic as if it had been the fiction of a gloomy fancy. She was the wife of one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, a man of the first blood of his country.

"For some mysterious reasons, which have never been discovered, she was seized, and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and by nightly journeys was conveyed to the Highland shores, from whence she was transported by sea to the remote rock of St. Kilda, where she remained amongst its few wild inhabitants, a forlorn prisoner, but had a constant supply of provisions, and a woman to wait upon her.

"No inquiry was made after her, till she at last found means to convey a letter to a confidential friend, by the daughter of a catechist, who concealed it in a clut of yarn. Information being thus obtained at Edinburgh, a ship was sent to bring her off; but

of this being received, she was carried to M'Leod's
 rics, where she died."—*Hefwell's Journal of a Tour to*
p. 277. Edit. 1786.

16.

STEWART, QUEEN of SCOTS, an
 Drama, 8vo.—Price 4s. sewed.

and death of Mary Queen of Scots has been render-
 r to every Briton by poets, historians, and even dra-
 to give an air of novelty to the incidents of her ill-
 r to impart additional interest to them by poetic lan-
 age effect, is a task of no easy attainment; the li-
 history become despotic restraints upon the freedom
 m.

resent anonymous writer, much ingenuity, however,
 re management of his drama, and much characteristic
 ayed in pourtraying the rival queens."—*Monthly Mir-*
2.

17.

ISCELLANEOUS WORKS of TOBIAS
TT, M. D. with *Memoirs of his Life*
ings, by Robert Anderson, M. D.;—
 , *The Adventures of Roderick Random*
ventures of Peregrine Pickle—*Play's and*
he Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fa-
Account of the Expedition against Car-
The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves.
through France and Italy—*The Expedi-*
mphry Clinker—*And the Adventures of*
 6 vols. 8vo, printed on a wove paper,
 , new edition.—Price 2l. 14s. bound.

18.

ARCH'S LIVES, translated from the Ori-
 k, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a
 of Plutarch; by John Langhorne, D.D. and
 anghorne, M. A.; a new edition, carefully

corrected, and the Index much amended, and accurately revised throughout, in 6 vols. 12mo.—Price 1l. 7s. bound.

19.

ARCHÆOLOGIA GRÆCA, or **The ANTIQUITIES of GREECE**, by John Potter, late Archbishop of Canterbury, 2 vols. 8vo.—Price 18s. in boards.

20.

The WORKS of Don FRANCISCO QUEVEDO, translated from the Spanish, containing—a New Life of the Author—his Seven Visions—Curious History of the Night Adventurer—The Life of Paul the Spanish Sharper—Fortune in her Wits—Proclamation by Old Father Time—A Treatise of all Things whatsoever, past, present, and to come—and Letters on Several Occasions; 3 vols. royal 12mo, illustrated with frontispieces.—Price 15s. bound.

21.

An HISTORICAL and CRITICAL ESSAY on the REVIVAL of the DRAMA in ITALY. By Joseph Cooper Walker, M. R. I. A. Honorary Member of the Societies of Perth and Dublin, and of the Academies of Cortona, Rome, and Florence. One vol. 8vo.—Price 7s. in boards.

“The materials are evidently such as must have cost the Author no inconsiderable labour in collecting: they are generally arranged with sedulous care, and displayed with proper effect. The liberality and candour which adorn every page, it would be unpardonable to leave uncelebrated. Every fragment of information which appeared conducive to the illustration of his subject, the Author has collected with abundant care. The biographic sketches which occur in the progress of the work render it more interesting and more complete.”

“This is not the age of original invention or profound research. We are so seldom presented with works of a standard kind, that

very incitement ought to be presented to those who have courage resist the torrent of flimsy compilation, and erudition to supply all deficiencies in our natural literature. Mr. Walker has diffused an interesting subject, which had not been professedly attempted by our countrymen; and he has evinced himself to be possessed of talents and learning adequate to the undertaking."—*Edinburgh Review*, October 1805.

22.

OBSERVATIONS on the **NATURE** and **TENDENCY** of the **DOCTRINE** of Mr. **HUME**, concerning the **RELATION** of **CAUSE** and **EFFECT**, second edition enlarged.—Price 5s.

"It would do honour to the most penetrating metaphysician of the age to have avowed this Essay."—*Edinburgh Review*, October 305.

23.

An ESSAY CONCERNING HUMAN UNDERSTANDING, with Thoughts on the Conduct of the Understanding, by John Locke, Esq. To which is prefixed the Life of the Author, 3 vols. 2mo.—Price 10s. 6d. bound.

24.

LETTERS WRITTEN by a **TURKISH SPY**, who lived five-and-forty years undiscovered at Paris; giving an impartial account to the Divan at Constantinople of the most Remarkable Transactions of Europe, and discovering several Intrigues and Secrets of the Christian Courts (especially of that of France) from the year 1637 to the year 1682, a new edition, 8 vols. 2mo.—Price 1l. 8s. bound.

25.

An OUTLINE of the **HISTORY** and **CURE** of **FEVER**, Endemic and Contagious, more expressly the Contagious Fever of Jails, Ships, Hospitals, the Concentrated Endemic, vulgarly the Yellow Fever of

the West-Indies; to which is added, an Explanation of the Principles of Military Discipline and Economy, with a Scheme of Medical Arrangements for Armies, by Robert Jackson, M.D. in one volume 8vo.—Price 7s. boards.

“ Dr. Jackson, it appears, has been engaged in the medical department of the army ever since the year 1774, and spent a large portion of that time in the West-Indies and in America. Fever, as the most frequent and most fatal disease in those countries, employed the greater part of his attention. He has been accustomed, he says, to take minutes of the cases he attended, and from time to time to correct and arrange them. In the year 1791, he published the result of his observations to that time. This work having been well received by his brethren of the profession of physic, he was thence induced to continue his labours, in order to make it worthy of their acceptance.

“ The author has since had opportunity of seeing and treating the contagious fever, as it appeared in the British army in England, Holland, and Ireland, from the year 1793 to the year 1796; and the yellow fever, which committed such dreadful ravages among our troops in the Island of St. Domingo, during the years 1796, 1797, and part of the year 1798; and it will be found that his industry has equalled his opportunities.

“ He has taken a large and comprehensive view of his subject, and, introductory to the parts we have noticed, has given the history of the contagious and of the concentrated endemic, as they appeared in the parts where he principally resided, with humane and judicious observations on the cause of the great mortality attending them among our troops.

“ There is also an ample collection of cases, seemingly impartially and faithfully detailed, the author giving those in which he failed, as well as those in which he was successful. On the whole, we recommend this work to the serious perusal of medical men, particularly of those employed in the army and navy in the West-Indies or America.”—*British Critic for January 1800.*

“ The consequences of fever are very accurately detailed, and the local action of a febrile cause, either as thrown on the intestines producing diarrhoea and dysentery, or on the skin occasioning eruptions or ulcers, carefully examined.

“ On the whole, we think this work truly original, and that it displays much useful information; and we can recommend the author as a man of ability, judgment, and observation.”—*Critical Review, December 1800.*

work appears to be the result of much careful observation to merit the attention of practitioners who are attached to it.

account of dissections of patients who died of the yellow fever, because it seems to be formed from numerous and accurate observations.

Subjoined treatise on military discipline, &c. contains observations, and should be perused by military men."—*Review*, November 1799.

26.

ERVATIONS on the ZOOLOGIA of JUS DARWIN, M. D. one large vol. 8vo. 8s. in boards.

Brown is the first formidable antagonist whom the novel Darwin's theories has provoked. He has entered on the question, however, with all the respect due to the great and extensive knowledge of the author whom he criticises; never may have been our partiality to the beautiful fabric attempts to overthrow, we must consider him as a champion of being admitted to the encounter.

To conclude, we think that this book is a very respectable one of the author's talents and attainments. With much vivacity of mind, it exhibits a liberal and truly philosophical spirit; and though we have ventured in some instances a difference of opinion with Mr. Brown, we cannot take his performance without intimating our hope that we shall on occasions hereafter of giving our unbiassed suffrage to his—*Monthly Review*, June and July 1799.

27.

MENTS of CHEMISTRY and NATURAL HISTORY; to which is prefixed, the Philosophy of Chemistry, by A. F. Fourcroy, the fifth edition; with a Commentary by John Thomson, Surgeon in Edinburgh, 3 vols. 8vo.—Price 1l. 11s. 6d. in boards.

This edition has a claim to our attention on account of the changes which have been added by the Editor, and which we have perused with much pleasure. Mr. Thomson has not, like many other commentators, contented himself with giving the text of his author only a few superficial remarks; on the contrary, he has added very copious and valuable Notes to each chapter, the selection of which discover much judgment, and con-

derable extent of chemical reading. By these Notes, also, this Edition has in a great measure been made to keep pace with the rapid progress of Chemical Science since the publication of the original work. The Notes on the Animal Kingdom, Part IV. are particularly instructive and interesting; the same may indeed be said nearly of the whole: and we have no doubt that this Edition will be found highly useful to chemical students."—*Monthly Review*, Dec. 1801.

28.

ESSAYS on the DISEASES of CHILDREN, with Cases and Dissections. **Essay I. Of Cynanche Trachealis, or Croup.** By John Cheyne, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. In one vol. imperial Octavo, illustrated with finely coloured Dissections.—Price 15s. in boards.

29.

————— **Essay II. On the Bowel Complaints**, more immediately connected with the Biliary Secretion, and particularly of Atrophia Abdominalis, or Weaning Brash. By John Cheyne, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. In one vol. imperial Octavo, illustrated with finely coloured Dissections.—Price 12s. 6d. in boards.

30.

A SYSTEM of DISSECTIONS, explaining the Anatomy of the Human Body, the Manner of displaying its Parts, and their Varieties in Disease. **Vol. I.** containing the Dissections of the Abdomen, Thorax, Pelvis, Thigh, and Leg. The second edition. By Charles Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.—Price 11. 9s. 6d. sewed.

31.

A SYSTEM of DISSECTIONS. Part I, Vol. II. containing the Dissections of the Arm, of the Neck

and Face, of the Nervous System of the Viscera, and of the Brain—with Plates, folio.—Price 6s. sewed.

32.

_____, Part II, Vol. II, containing the Dissections of the Superficial Parts of the Neck and Face, with Remarks connecting the Anatomy and Surgery of the Parts; a View of the Nervous System of the Viscera; with a short Account of the Manner of Dissecting the Brain and Eye; with Plates. By Charles Bell, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.—Price 7s. 6d.

This Number completes the plan of the Work, which is intended chiefly to remove the difficulties which the Student has to encounter in the Study of Anatomy, and to direct his attention to the points of practical importance.

33.

The ANATOMY of the GRAVID UTERUS, with Practical Inferences relative to Pregnancy and labour, by John Burns, Surgeon, Glasgow, in one volume 8vo.—Price 5s. in boards.

34.

DISSERTATIONS on INFLAMMATION, containing, 1st, Preliminary Dissertation on some of the Laws of the Animal Economy—2d, On the History, Causes, and Consequences, of Simple Inflammation—3d, On the Phagedenic, and some other species of Inflammation—4th, On the Spongoid Inflammation—5th, On the Scrophulous Inflammation—6th, On the Cancerous Inflammation; by the same Author, in 2 vols. 8vo.—Price 14s. in boards.

35.

An ESSAY on the more COMMON WEST-INDIA DISEASES; and the Remedies which that

Country itself Produces : To which are added, Some Hints on the Management, &c. of Negroes, by James Grainger, M. D. The second edition ; with Practical Notes, and a Linnæan Index, by William Wright, M. D. F. R. S. Physician to his Majesty's Forces. Octavo.—Price 3s. sewed.

36.
A PRACTICAL SYSTEM of SURGERY, Illustrated with Cases on many of the Subjects, and with Copperplates, by James Latta, Surgeon in Edinburgh, 3 vols. 8vo.—Price 1l. 1s. sewed.

37.
ELEMENTS of NATURAL HISTORY, being an Introduction to the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus, comprising the Characters of the whole Genera and most remarkable Species, particularly of all that are Natives of Britain, with the principal circumstances of their History and Manners; likewise an Alphabetical Arrangement, with Definitions of Technical Terms, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Twelve Explanatory Copperplates.—Price 18s. in boards.

“ To reduce such a body of information within so small a compass, and in an order so convenient, required skill and pains by which a much more ostentatious work might well have been executed. We have in English no compend of Zoology that, for accuracy and utility, can aspire to comparison with this one. By the contrivance of the author, or compiler, it combines all the advantages of a *Fauna Britannica* with those of a compend of the general history of living animals. It joins much of the general Philosophy of Natural History with the orderly detail of so many of the minuter facts belonging to the science. Its style has the simplicity, the precision, the correctness which we should chiefly desire in a work like this. We are astonished that the author should have been able to descend, in a work of this size, to the enumeration of so many species, and to enter into such a detail of the manners of the different animals which he describes. If he has freely availed himself of the information furnished by other writers, he has used

with a masterly hand whatever he had occasion to borrow. With such a manual, the Student of Zoology may make more rapid progress, than by any other means which we can point out to him."
—*Antijacobin Review* for July 1802.

38.

AN INTRODUCTION to **BOTANY**, containing an **EXPLANATION** of the **THEORY** of that **SCIENCE**, extracted from the **WORKS** of **LINNÆUS**; with an **APPENDIX** and **GLOSSARY**, by James Lee, Nursery-man, at the Vineyard, Hammersmith. A New Edition, Corrected and Revised by C. Stewart, Member of the Linnean Society, London; of the Natural History Society, Edinburgh; and Author of *Elements of Natural History*, in Two Volumes. One volume 8vo.—Price 8s. in boards.

39.

GENERAL VIEW of the **AGRICULTURE** of the **COUNTY** of **ARGYLL**, with Observations on the Means of its Improvement, drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement, by Jo. Smith, D. D. one of the Ministers of Campbellton, illustrated with a large Map of the County, 8vo.—Price 8s. in boards.

40.

Same book in royal 8vo, hot-pressed, 12s. boards.

The Map of the County may be had separate, price 3s. 6d. or 7s. 6d. on canvas and rollers.

41.

GENERAL VIEW of the **AGRICULTURE** of the **COUNTY** of **CLYDESDALE**, with Observations on the Means of its Improvement, by John Nai-

smith, drawn up for the Consideration of the Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement, 8vo.—Price 4s. in boards. Illustrated with a Map of the County.

ANNALS OF COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, FISHERIES, AND NAVIGATION, with brief Notices of the Arts and Sciences connected with them; containing the Commercial Transactions of the British Empire and other Countries, from the earliest Accounts to the Meeting of the Union Parliament in January 1801; and comprehending the most valuable part of the late Mr. Anderson's History of Commerce, viz. from the year 1492 to the end of the Reign of George II, King of Great Britain, &c. with a large APPENDIX, containing Chronological Tables of the Sovereigns of Europe, Tables of the Alterations of Money in England and Scotland, a Chronological Table of the Prices of Corn, and a Commercial and Manufactural GAZETTEER of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, with a general Chronological Index. The Ancient Part composed from the most authentic Original Historians and Public Records, printed and in manuscript; and the Modern Part from Materials of unquestionable Authenticity (mostly unpublished) extracted from the Records of Parliament, the Accounts of the Custom-house, the Mint, the Board of Trade, the Post-office, the East-India Company, the Bank of England, &c. by David Macpherson, in four large volumes, royal 4to. Dedicated, by permission, to the Court of Directors of the Honourable the East-India Company.—Price 8l. 8s. in boards.

FERGUSON'S LECTURES on SELECT SUBJECTS, in MECHANICS, HYDROSTATICS, HYDRAULICS, PNEUMATICS, OPTICS, GEOGRAPHY, ASTRONOMY, and DIALING, with Notes and an Appendix, adapted to the present state of the Arts and Sciences, by David Brewster, A. M. in 2 volumes 8vo, with a 4to volume of Plates.—Price 1l. 1s. in boards.

"The Author of the Lectures, of which a corrected and enlarged Edition is now offered to the Public, has obtained a deserved reputation for composing familiar treatises on Philosophical and Mechanical topics, in a manly, though artless style. This improved Edition of one of his most esteemed performances, is undertaken by a gentleman, who, to Ferguson's talents, for plain distinct description, has added such a competent share of Mathematical acquirements, as is likely to keep him from erroneous principles or inaccurate results."

Mr. Brewster's Appendix contains much useful information under the different heads of Mechanics, Hydraulics, Optics, Dialing, and Astronomy. Nearly one hundred pages are devoted to the subject of Water-mills and Wind-mills, in which many of Mr. Brewster's rules and observations cannot fail to be beneficial to the Mill-wright.

There are three articles in this Appendix which it would be unjust not to mention with commendation: they treat of the Steam Engine, the method of grinding and polishing Lenses, and the method of casting, grinding, and polishing the mirrors of Reflecting Telescopes. The description of Watt's Steam Engine, though concise, is very perspicuous: the engraved representation of this Steam Engine, with the latest improvements, will be found highly useful, and conveys a better idea of the Engine as a whole, than anything we have yet met with.

"Altogether this work may be safely recommended as presenting many judicious and useful additions to a book of established reputation."—*Literary Journal*, March 1806.

The ART of DRAWING in PERSPECTIVE from Mathematical Principles; shewing how to give

every object its true place in the Figure, and every part in Landscape, that proportion in size, and distance from one another, which the parts they are intended to represent hold in nature, *the whole illustrated by upwards of fifty Engravings*, by George Douglas, in one volume 8vo, and a 4to volume of Plates.—Price 9s. in boards.

“ Mr. Douglas's Art of Drawing in Perspective from Mathematical Principles, illustrated by more than fifty engravings, is a valuable and well written volume.”—*Supplement to Monthly Magazine*, 1805.

45.

THE ELEMENTS of EUCLID, viz. the First Six Books, together with the Eleventh and Twelfth. The errors, by which Theon, or others, have long ago vitiated these books, are corrected; and some of Euclid's demonstrations are restored. Also, the Book of Euclid's data, in like manner corrected, by Robert Simson, M. D. Emeritus Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow. To this Eleventh Edition are also annexed, Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry. Revised and compared with the Author's last Edition, by John Wright, Esq. Advocate, one volume 8vo.—Price 8s. bound.

46.

PLANS for the DEFENCE of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, by Lieut. Col. Dirom, Deputy Quarter-master-general in North Britain, 8vo.—Price 2s. 6d. sewed.

47.

A SUMMARY VIEW of HERALDRY, in reference to the Usages of Chivalry, and the General Economy of the Feudal System. With an Appendix, respecting such Distinctions of Rank as have place

in the British Constitution. By Thomas Brydson, F. A. S. Edinburgh, 1 vol. royal 8vo.—Price 10s. 6d. boards.

"It may perhaps be but justice to declare, that the ingenious Author of this Work has comprised in the space of an Octavo Volume all that is worthy of general promulgation on the subject of Heraldry. To those superficial students of the science who mean to content themselves with blazoning arms and sketching pedigrees, his book will be useless. It will neither enable them to detect the owner of a single coach, nor will it add one alliance to their store of genealogical information: But the Historian and the Poet, nay, the Lawyer and the Politician, will peruse it with pleasure; while the more careless reader, who, pursuing none of the regular paths of literature, steps occasionally into all, will be equally gratified and surprised, when he finds that Heraldry has some relation to all sciences, is connected with every branch of civil polity, and influences, in a considerable degree, the general manners of society.

"It is a pleasing circumstance to find elegance and liberal information thus happily connected with a science usually perplexed, as Heraldry is, by technical terms, and grotesque figures. Mr. Brydson's book may be recommended, as we have already hinted, to intelligent readers of all descriptions, who will find in it much that is amusing and instructive, without any unpleasant mixture." —*British Critic*, March 1796.

"Those who will take the trouble of perusing the present Volume, will find in it more than it promises, and will be sufficiently paid for their pains. The Author has studied the subject with attention, and has condensed his matter with care and taste; so that his details are never tedious, but are for the most part entertaining. The language is clear and appropriate; and if it be not always purely classical, it is never vulgar and turgid.

"Mr. Brydson gives a neat Summary Account of the Distinctions of Rank included in the British Constitution, with their different privileges and precedence.—This is a well digested abridgement of our best writers on the subject. On the whole, as we have read the volume with pleasure, we cannot help recommending it to all who wish to have, at small cost, a proper idea of Heraldry, Ranks, and Privileges, especially of those which are peculiarly our own." —*Monthly Review*, Sept. 1796.

"When we took up this Volume, we certainly did not expect to meet with much entertainment. We were most agreeably disappointed: We have read few tracts with more pleasure. This

is not a dry, dull system of Heraldry, that teaches only to distinguish armorial bearings, and give to each of their parts and colours their proper scientific names; it is an excellent dissertation on the origin and progress of Heraldry, as connected with feudal tenures, and the different ranks in civil society; and written in a plain, easy, and elegant style; abating a very few grammatical inaccuracies, hardly worth mentioning. Mr. Brydson must have employed much time and labour in reducing his rude materials into so elegant a form. We hope his labour will be properly rewarded, by a copious sale of his Work, which every Peer and privileged Person should have in their libraries."—*Analytical Review*, August 1796.

48.

OBSERVATIONS on the **TEMPER** and **SPIRIT** of the **IRISH NATION** at the present Crisis, by John Pratt Winter, Esq. 8vo.—Price 1s. 6d.

"A very judicious and dispassionate address, in which the author expostulates with his countrymen on the extreme folly, absurdity, and mischief, of the conduct which, to gratify a temporary passion, would deliver their island to a pillaging, treacherous, and relentless, enemy. He enumerates the reasons which should induce the Irish to support the union of their country with Great Britain, and paints, with strong colouring, the calamities with which all orders would be visited, in the case of its being dissolved. He does not dissimble that there are grievances which require redress; but he exhorts to patience, and recommends it to patriots, in the meantime, to direct their efforts to improve the mind and social character of their countrymen."—*Monthly Review*, June 1804.

49.

An ADDRESS to the **ROMAN CATHOLIC NOBILITY** and **GENTRY** of **IRELAND**, on the Tendency and Effects of their Particular Doctrines and Practices, by a Protestant, 8vo.—Price 2s.

50.

A PHILOSOPHICAL and **POLITICAL HISTORY** of the **SETTLEMENTS** and **TRADE** of the **EUROPEANS** in the **EAST** and **WEST INDIES**, by the Abbe Raynal, *with a new set of*

Maps, adapted to the work, and a Copious Index,
in 6 vols. 12mo.—Price 1l. 10s. bound.

^{51.}
The HISTORY of ENGLAND, from the
INVASION of JULIUS CÆSAR to the REVO-
LUTION in 1688, by David Hume, esquire; to
which is prefixed, the Life of the Author, written
by himself, in 8 vols. 8vo.—The HISTORY of
ENGLAND, from the REVOLUTION to the
DEATH of GEORGE II, in 1760, by Tobias
Smollett, M.D. to which is prefixed, the Life of
the Author, by Robert Anderfon, M.D. in 5 vols.
8vo.—in all 13 vols. 8vo.—Price 3l. 18s. *in boards.*

N. B. This is the only edition of Smollett's
Continuation that has this 'very just and accurate
' account of one, who, as an author, has supplied
' the public with a fund of amusement, and who,
' as a man, was entitled to the respect of the world
' at large, for his many estimable qualities.'—*Eu-
rop. Magaz. April 1804.*

* * * A few Copies are printed on Royal Paper,
price 5l. 17s. *in boards.*

✂ The HISTORY of GREAT BRITAIN, from
the DEATH of GEORGE II to the PEACE of
AMIENS, in 3 vols. 8vo, *designed as a Continua-
tion of Hume and Smollett's Histories of Great Bri-
tain, just published,* is now in the Press, and will
be published in the course of the Summer.

^{52.}
An ABRIDGEMENT of the HISTORY of
ENGLAND, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to
the death of George II, by Dr. Goldsmith; and

continued down to the *Battle of Trafalgar*.—Price 3s. 6d. bound.

53.

The WORKS of HORACE, translated literally into English Prose, for the use of those who are desirous of acquiring or recovering a competent knowledge of the Latin Language, by C. Smart, A. M. of Pembroke-College, Cambridge, 2 vols. 18mo.—Price 6s. bound.

54.

The ANCIENT HISTORY of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians, by Mr. Rollin, late Principal of the University of Paris, 8 vols, 12mo.—Price 1l. 12s. bound.

55.

LECTURES on the NATURE and END of the SACRED OFFICE, and on the Dignity, Duty, Qualifications, and Character, of the Sacred Order; by John Smith, D. D. one of the Ministers of Campbellton.—Price 5s. in boards.

“To impress this duty (the duty of his office) on the mind of every conscientious Clergyman, nothing would more contribute than a perusal of the volume now before us, which enters into the detail of the subject with minuteness, with candour, and without enthusiasm. It ought to be recommended to every one, previous to his engaging in the clerical profession.”—*European Magazine for Sept. 1798*.

“The various gifts and graces indispensable to a suitable and efficient discharge of all the duties incumbent on whoever would act the part of a real Christian pastor conscientiously and faithfully, are here detailed at great length, and with equal accuracy and perspicuity.”—*Lady's Monthly Museum for Nov. 1798*.

“Though these extracts will enable our readers to form an idea of the author's manner, we should not do justice to his pious zeal, if we did not observe, that throughout his performance there reigns a spirit of devotion, tempered with knowledge; that the

subjects of each lecture are well selected, and well treated; and that the young clergyman into whose hands the work may fall, will reap no small advantage, if he should make it the subject of his frequent attention."—*Critical Review for March 1799.*

56.

THE LIFE of ST. COLUMBA, the Apostle and Patron of the Ancient Scots and Picts, and joint Patron of the Irish, commonly called Colum-Kille, the Apostle of the Highlands. By John Smith, D. D. one of the Ministers of Campbelton, Honorary Member of the Antiquarian and Highland Societies of Scotland; 1 vol. 8vo.—Price 3s. sewed.

"The Life of this celebrated Saint of the sixth century was written in Latin by two of his successors, Cummin and Adomnan. Their performances, like other works of the same nature and of the same age, are filled with visions, prophecies, and miracles. Dr. Smith has therefore undertaken to disencumber the memoirs of this great and good man from the miraculous garb with which they have been so long invested; to separate the fact from the fable, and to show the Saint in his real character."—*Monthly Review, Dec. 1798.*

57.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE FOUR EVANGELISTS; wherein, for the clearer Understanding of the Sacred History, the whole Text and Paraphrase are printed in separate columns over-against each other; with Critical Notes on the more difficult Passages, very useful for Families, by Samuel Clarke, D. D. late Rector of St. James's, Westminster, 2 vols. 8vo.—**A PARAPHRASE ON THE ACTS OF THE HOLY APOSTLES**, and upon all the Epistles of the New Testament, being a complete Supplement to Dr. Clarke's Paraphrase on the Four Gospels; with Notes, and a short Preface to each Epistle, showing the Occasion and Design of it, with the several Arguments set at the head of each Chap-

ter ; and a general Index to all the principal Matters, Words, and Phrases of the New Testament, excepting the Revelation. For the use of Families. By Tho. Pyle, M. A. Minister of Lynn-Regis in Norfolk, and Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Sarum, 2 vols. 8vo.—A PARAPHRASE, WITH NOTES, ON THE REVELATION OF ST. JOHN, which completes the Paraphrase on the New Testament, in the manner of Dr. Clarke, by Thomas Pyle, M. A. The second edition, with the last Manuscript Additions of the Author, now for the first time incorporated with the Work, 8vo ; *forming together a complete Commentary on the New Testament*, 5 vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 15s. bound.

58.

SERMONS on PUBLIC OCCASIONS, and a LETTER on THEOLOGICAL STUDY, by Robert late Archbishop of York. To which are prefixed, Memoirs of his Life, by George Hay Drummond, A. M. Prebendary of York, in 1 vol. 8vo. with a finely Engraved Portrait of the Author. —Price 6s. in boards.

“ The sermons of this distinguished Prelate are now collected for the first time ; and it is but justice to remark, that they are composed in the good old style. The subject is perspicuously stated ; and the arguments, by which it is enforced, are judiciously chosen and accurately arranged.

“ We have not hesitated to produce specimens of these discourses, which appeared singly many years ago, but which have never been collected till the appearance of the volume before us. We make no apology to our readers for this seeming departure from our plan, because the discourses contain such excellent matter, and furnish so good a model for discourses upon similar occasions, that we conceive they cannot be too generally known. One part of the materials furnished by the good Prelate, is however entirely original. This is a letter upon Theological Study, written when Dr. Drummond was Bishop of St. Asaph, to the son

of an intimate friend, then a candidate for holy orders; the frame of mind in which this branch of study should be cultivated, is so wisely delineated that we cannot dismiss this article without selecting some pages, equally honourable to the head and heart of the venerable writer."—*Imperial Review*, September 1804.

59.

C. CORNELII TACITI OPERA, recognovit, emendavit, Supplementis explevit, Notis, Dissertationibus, Tabulis Geographicis illustravit, Gabriel Brotier, 4 tom. 4to.—Price 5l. 10s. boards.

60.

IDEM LIBER, 4 tom. royal 8vo.—Price 3l. 3s. in boards.

In this edition are included the Notes added by Brotier to the Paris 12mo edition, incorporated with those he had formerly published with the 4to; and it is thus rendered more complete than either of the Paris editions.

61.

Q. HORATII FLACCI OPERA, cum Scholiis veteribus castigavit, et Notis illustravit, Gulielmus Baxterus. Varias Lectiones et Observationes addidit Jo. Matthias Gesnerus. Quibus et suas adpersit Jo. Carolus Zeunius, Prof. Gr. Litt. Viteberg. Editio nova, priore emendatio, 4to, 1l. 4s. boards.

62.

IDEM LIBER, royal 8vo.—Price 12s. 6d.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

1. HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN,

From the DEATH of GEORGE II to the PEACE of AMIENS, in 3 vols. 8vo, *designed as a continuation of Hume and Smollett's Histories of Great Britain.*

3. HORATIUS NOTIS GESNERI, BAXTERI et ZEUNII, royal 8vo.

*** A few Copies on Fine Post, 4to.

4. POETICAL TRANSLATIONS,

Collected by Robert Anderfon, M. D.

Volume the Third, containing,

Francis' Horace,
Garth's Ovid,
Lewis' Statius,

Tytler's Callimachus,
Merricks' Tryphiodorus,
&c. &c.

5. HISTORY OF THE EFFECTS OF RELIGION ON MANKIND,

In Countries Ancient and Modern, Barbarous and Civilized, by the Reverend Edward Ryan, D. D. Prebendary of Donoghmore, 1 volume 8vo, *third edition enlarged.*

6. FERGUSON'S ASTRONOMY,

With Notes, and Supplementary Chapters, by David Brewster, A. M. 2 vols. 8vo, and a 4to volume of Plates.



100

101

102

103

104

105

106

107

108

109

110

111

112

113

114

115

116

117

118

119

120



